

Evening Prayer.

When the evening shadows fall,  
The deep-toned bell for all doth call;  
With solemn strains of music stealing,  
To touch the heart's responsive feeling,  
Calling all to kneel in prayer,  
In humble trust to worship there.  
Striving from the path of sin,  
Each yearning heart to welcome in,  
For thee the Savior there awaits,  
And points us to the golden gates.  
Just as thou art in all thy need,  
"Come," thy Savior now doth plead.

—Mrs. J. B. Cox.

"Did You Mean Me?"

The following is vouched as occurring in Iowa: The scene is a rough log cabin in which is now the oldest settled portion of this State. The audience was made up, to a large extent, of spirits as rough as the cabin in which the service was being held. The preacher was a home missionary, whose toil among that people was bearing its first spiritual harvests. His theme on this particular afternoon was, The Evils of a Life of Sin. He was very plain, impressive and fearless in his presentation of the truth, yet with such an affectionate spirit as to persuade his congregation, he hoped, to become reconciled to God.

The cabin was packed. Right in front of the preacher sat the "captain," so called among his neighbors because he was a ring leader in sin. His habits, passions and bold blasphemy were such that he circulated among them also as the "Pet-Bear."

The preacher closed with an earnest appeal to the sinner to repent and confess, that he might there and then find mercy. The words had scarcely died upon his lips when the "captain," leaning forward in his seat under the pressure of pent-up passion, and, with well-nigh Satanic hate, hissed through his set teeth, "Preacher, did you mean me?"

"I do not know you," was the reply, "and therefore cannot answer your question."

"Not know me, aye," and, looking over the startled congregation, he added, "I guess them know me." He then waited for the preacher's reply. It was given in the same calm manner as before. "I do not know you, sir, and if I did I certainly should not hold you up before your neighbors; but if what I have said describes your course of life, or that of any other one here, then must you and they repent of sin and cry to God, and he will have mercy upon you."

Trembling under the goadings of conscience and the pressure of passion, he drew from its sheath at the back of his neck a long bowie knife, and, shaking it in the face of the missionary, shouted back to him: "Preacher, if you had said you meant me I would have given you the length of that."

The preacher quietly dismissed the people, who slowly and with bated breath scattered to their log cabins. But they went home to think upon their ways, and many of them to turn unto the Lord. Among them was the "Pet Bear." His remorse of conscience, his alternate cries for mercy and cursings of the Almighty were terrible to his neighbors, and made his home for the time being well nigh a hell. The preacher was sent for to see if he could do anything to give the awakened conscience peace. He spent a long time, in fact most of the night, with the man, listening now to his piteous cries for mercy, and then his horrid oaths. At last he succeeded in directing his attention off from himself to Christ. They knelt together, the man of God pleaded for pardon, the awakened soul put up its broken cry, "God be merciful to me." And the prayer was heard. Such prayers are always heard. Pardon was spoken to his soul: with pardon came a measure of peace, and the dawn of the morning found him a new man in Christ Jesus.

One of the first evidences of his change came in the offer of his cabin for a Sunday-school. He subsequently became a devoted follower of Christ.

The Children of the Rich.

The wise Agur said "Give me neither poverty nor riches." There are special dangers in both, and these dangers often descend to the children. While the children of the vicious poor may be ruined by want and neglect, the children of the

rich are often petted and spoiled. Let any one in mature life look over the families of the wealthy whom he has known, and he will, we fear, be saddened to contemplate the dissipation, the wrecks, the bad marriages, and the godless and worldly lives which he will recall.

Says the Presbyterian, "We once heard a thoughtful minister say, with a tone of deep sincerity, that there were few persons coming within the limits of pastoral oversight more to be pitied than the children, especially daughters, of rich members of the church. With few exceptions wealth creates a worldly atmosphere in the home. It is supposed to render necessary certain social courtesies which bring the families of professed Christians into near alliance with purely worldly circles, or with merely formal church-goers. With these classes the whole round of pleasures seems to have a legitimate claim upon the time and attention of those who move in certain circles, and no opportunity is left for the consecration to higher services for the glory of God and the good of man, even if any desire remains unquenched for such." All children need reproof and discipline; and the children of the rich too often live lives of pampered luxury, and useless ease, which are as injurious to their own morals as they are useless to the world around them.

We are to "charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the Living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy: that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." 1 Tim. vi: 17-19.

If the rich will take heed to this charge, and lead their children into paths of self-sacrifice, devotion, and liberal and laborious effort in the cause of God, they may save them from the multiplied dangers that surround them. But if they neglect their children and their stewardship for God, their children will probably go in the thorny ways, their riches will take wings, and they, having pierced themselves through with many a sorrow, will mourn at last over lost opportunities, ruined children, and wasted lives.--Sel.

A Sacrifice for Us.

A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin for earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after awhile his hands became feeble and tremulous, and he could make no more music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said: "My friend, you are too old and too feeble, give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music; and the coin poured in and in, until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again and the violinist played more sweetly than ever and played until some of the people wept and shouted aloud. And again his hat was filled. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, Who is it? who is it? and some one just entering the crowd said:

"Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of his own heart he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for you—TALMAGE.

Stand.

When you can do no more, stand, "Having done all things, stand." But beware how and where you stand. "Stand fast in the faith." Stand fast on covenant ground. Stand with face to the foe. Stand watching, waiting, victorious. "Stand still,

and see the salvation of God." Stand not in your own caprice, or by human order. Even though Red Sea barriers lie across your way, it may be the will of God that you go forward without a halt. It is easier to march than to stand. It is easier to rush forward to the charge than to stand still and receive the fiery assault. The good soldier must be ready for both. They serve well, who march and fight for their king. But "they also serve who only stand and wait."—SEL.

Why Grumble?

Constant fretting is irreligion. This life, at its best, is a kind of corduroy road across the lowlands to the highway of the King; and if you begin the journey by bewailing the fact, wondering why the Lord has not had macadamized, and then continue grumbling at every jolt, as though it were a personal insult, you will probably be so busy finding fault with everything that you will have little time to enjoy the landscape.

If others have a better time than you, it is poor policy to make a bad thing worse by fretting because it is not better. It is what it is; so make the best of it. If you try to be contented with your lot, you will be surprised to discover that there are many desirable things in this world which you can get on very well without. Move out of Grumbln Terrace, and rent an apartment in Thanksgiving Row; your health and that of your wife and children will begin to improve.—Selected.

Gambling.

Gambling is an injurious excitement, without compensation and consolation. The gambler has hope, but it is not an anchor. It is an unmanageable sail that bears him upon the rocks. It is an excitement that consumes, but never recreates. It does not promote health or happiness. The loser has no compensation. When the merchant loses, from circumstances beyond his control, he has the consolation of knowing that he did his duty. He has regret, but no remorse. He needs consolation, but he needs no pardon. The gambler cannot say "I did my best, but providence sent me adversity." He has remorse, not regret. He may claim our pity, not our sympathy. When all that the merchant had is lost, his character is safe. When the gambler has lost his all, that includes his character.

What a strange fascination there is in gambling. Who does not recall with pity that young and brilliant lawyer, who had led to the bridal altar one of the fairest daughters of the land, whose happiness is in the embrace of the father like an ocean of pearls and diamonds, but who became addicted to this entrancing vice? The habit had fastened upon him, its hooks had entered his very soul. On a certain night he lost heavily. He then staked his splendid mansion, patrimony from an honored father. The home was lost. In despair he left that hell of hells; the night air touched his temples, but could not chill to the death this charm of charmers. He said there was one hope left; he would return. The gamblers looked amazed at his reappearance. As his last stake—all that he had left in the world, on which he hoped to recover all that he had lost—he staked his coaches and horses. The game was played; and again he lost. Leading the winner to the street, and pointing to him, he said to the coachman, "Here is your master;" and then, in a despair that knew no relief, a homeless indigent wretch, he walked the streets of the silent, sleeping city; he looks at the stars of his childhood, but they brought him no relief; he lingered beneath the street lamp, which only revealed a countenance of despair; he pressed his temples and cursed the day of his birth.—DR. J. P. NEWMAN.

There is no condition of the saints so low, no pit so deep, wherein they can be caught, but that a humble supplication can reach the throne. A David buried quick in a cave, a Daniel in the lion's den, find that prayer can win its way up to God and find audience. For the high and lofty one—who hath the heavens for his throne, and the earth for his footstool—hath an eye to them also who are of a poor and contrite spirit, and, therefore, no desperate case of the people of God renders prayer useless. GEORGE HUTCHESON.